COROTS OFFERED AT AUCTION

COMING SALE OF DR. LESLIE M. WARD'S PICTURES.

The Collection Made Up Chiefly of the Work of the Barbizon Men and Their Contemporaries and of the Modern Dutchmen—Mostly Bought Abroad.

One of the first art auction sales of importance which are coming with the new year is just announced. It will be of the collection of modern paintings acquired by the late Dr. Leslie D. Ward of Newark and is to take place early in January.

Dr. Ward was widely known through his long connection with the Prudential Insurance Company of Newark, of which he was one of the founders, as well as through his directorship in other corporations. He died in London last summer after a short illness. Through many years he was an admirer of paintings and he assembled a very valuable collection, chiefly by the Barbizon men and their contemporaries and the modern Dutch painters.

In one respect at least he differed from many of the collectors in that he rarely purchased pictures in this country, even at the great auctions, but for the most part secured the canvases which made up his collection at different European cities on his travels. He was particular also to know in what collections the paintings had been, so he accumulated more or less records. Dr. Ward had only recently established an estate of more than a thousand acres at Madison, N. J., and had just completed the house and got things arranged as he wanted them when the final illness overtook him.

The sale of his art collection is ordered by his executors, Edgar B. Ward, Jacob E. Ward and the Fidelity Trust Company of Newark, and will take place at the American Art Galleries in this city.

"THE FARM." J. B. C. COROT.

The catalogue de luxe is to contain an unusually large number of illustrations of the more important among the canvases.

Four of the paintings suggesting the collection's variety are reproduced here, Corot's "The Farm," Van Marcke's "Pasture Near Treport," Fromentin's "Young Arab" and Breton's "Springtime." There are other Corots in the collection, including "La Chaumière aux Sureaux, Normandie," from the collection of Mme. de Knyff, "Clairière," from the collection of M. Villard, and "A Road in the Forest, Ville d'Avray," from the collection of the Duc de Noibonne-Pelet, all from Paris.

The Van Marcke came from the Paris collection of Dr. W. Werd, who obtained the canvas from the artist. Other Van Marckes in the collection are "The Hague," also from the Werd collection, and "Entrance to Pasture," from the De Kuyper collection. There are also other Fromentins, "La Halte," from the collection of Dr. Comelins Hers, and "Arabs Hunting in the Desert," from the collection of the Count Armand de Pracomtal, Paris.

There is a Daubigny of the unusual subject for this artist, "A Pack Donkey," and a "Landscape With River" by the same painter; "Fagot Gatherer" and "Fontainebleau" by Diaz; "A Brittany Farm, Isle-Adam" and "Cattle at the Pool" by Dupré; "St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice," by Thanlow, and "A White and Red Cow," by Troyon, which was exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition of Modern French Art in Paris in 1889 and came from the collection of M. Coquelin.

By Israels there is "Le Vieux Serviteur," for which the artist received the grand prize at Paris in 1904, and "An Old Man Feeding a Cat"; by Clays, "Le Schenge Lillo, près d'Anvers" and "Calm on the Scheldt"; by Mauve, "An Old Cottage, Osterbeck, Holland"; by Neuhuys, "Divided Interests."

Among the other canvases are "Venice, Early Morning," by Ziem; a "Venice" by Rico; "Auberge de L'Ecu de France" by Isabey; "L'Abreuvoir," "An Arabian Cavalry Charge" and "An Arab Chief and Escort," by Schreyer; "Cattle in the Meadows," by Marie Dieterle; "Head of a Donkey" and "A Percheron," by Rosa Bonheur; "On Guard," by Géróme, a canvas of a tigress watching while her cubs are drinking at a stream; "A Light Infantry Soldier," by Detaille, "The Discovered Hiding Place," by Vibert, Bouguereau's "Little Pilferers" and by Harpignies a composition in which the ocean is seen through an opening in the woods, "By the Seashore."

"A YOUNG ARAB." EUGENE FROMENTIN.

"PASTURE NEAR TREPORT." EMILE VAN MARCKE.

"SPRINGTIME. J. A. BRETON."

QUOTATION MARKS RUBBED OUT

Detective Cronkite's Clue—A Literary Test to Clear Up a Mystery.

I.

When Louis Pompton returned from Europe he set about investigating the cause of Eleanor Yalden's death. He could not believe it suicide.

With the very news of her death had come a letter from her, bright, chatty, characteristically charming, filled with high hopes for them both. By the time he was back, she wrote, her book would be finished, that novel so like yet so different from those which had already brought her competence and fame. It would be a test at once of her strength and popularity. Would the public recognize it, published anonymously and by a new firm? She would not even tell him a bit more.

Then had come the long night of illness brought on by exposure and shock, until now, after six months delay, he was back, bound to learn the truth.

"Hello, Louis," cried Judge Marcellus cheerily as the gaunt and haggard young man came slowly into the office. "Back again for the golden harvest, hey, with note book and portfolio crammed to the covers.

"Who was it I heard speaking of your work? Oh, no other than Miss Kate Tuke at the authors' reception we had at the club. 'Your profound skill of pen and pencil,' she called it. Pretty good for the lioness of the day in the full flush of her success. 'A Blinding Fireball.' You want to get it, my boy; it's great."

"Hush, Judge," interposed Pompton brokenly. "I can't talk of anything else when Eleanor is dead."

"Excuse me, Louis. Time and stress made me oblivious, though perhaps not so oblivious as I seemed, for what is there to be said?"

"Much," returned the young man. "Eleanor never killed herself. I feel it; I know it. I want your help to find out who killed her.

"Listen. I realize all you would say, but don't say it. She never killed herself; that is as clear and true as her love for me, my love for her. Will you help me or must I work alone?"

For answer the Judge pressed the button on his desk, which called Cronkite into the office.

"Abe, do you remember the circumstances of the death of Miss Eleanor Yalden up at the Arts Building a few months ago?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the detective with a swift glance at Pompton's troubled face; "that is to say as they appeared and were accepted. Young literary woman, who kept bachelor's hall all by herself there. Found dead at her desk with a bullet through the heart. Small, ivory handled revolver by her side. Pad in front of her with pencilled words on it indicating suicide. She had not published much recently and it was thought she was discouraged. The verdict was suicide."

"A false verdict, a damnable verdict," cried Pompton.

"Yes, sir; verdicts are apt to be both when found as matter of course. The young woman was very much alone; there was no one to show any interest. There was no apparent motive for crime. But yet——"

"But yet there was a real one. I must learn it; I must detect and denounce the secret murderer."

"Then, sir, if you will wait a moment I will step over to the Coroner's office and get the exhibits in the case. They may mean more to you and to me than they did to the jury."

No sooner was Cronkite gone than James, the office boy, brought a card to the Judge.

"Ah, a mutual friend, Louis," said the old lawyer tentatively. "I know she would be delighted to see you. But no, you are not in the mood for even the most exquisite sympathy. Take Miss Tuke into the middle room, James. If she returns before I do, Louis, go right ahead with him; you can't go wrong."

Cronkite did return while the young man sat in melancholy solitude.

"Here is the revolver, sir," began the detective.

"It belonged to Miss Yalden," replied Pompton. "I gave it to her; I showed her how to use it, she was so much alone."

"Here is the sheet from the pad with the writing on it, sir."

Pompton looked at the fine, angular hand. He read the pencilled words: "Life is an enforced gift. It may be cowardly to keep, it may be brave to return, what was not accepted and is not wanted. I am going to be brave."

"It is her writing," he groaned. "Oh, I fear it was all true."

"And I believe it was all false, sir. Hold the sheet up to the light—what do you see?"

"Faint erasures at the beginning and the end of the sentence; as if some marks had been rubbed out."

"Look closer, through this glass, don't you see? Ah, I thought so. They were quotation marks. The writing was a quotation and not a message until some other person made it a message and not a quotation. We must find that other person, sir."

II.

As Pompton half an hour later passed out of the private office toward the hall of the building a dainty and fashionably dressed young woman stood on the threshold of the middle room. There was something incongruous about the way she hung back as he went on. There was something akin to her intense expression and vibrant form about the way she sprang impulsively forward.

"Mr. Pompton," she cried, in a voice singularly rich and full. "I am a friend indeed; don't you need me?"

He caught the extended hands. He gazed into the strained white face. There were tears in those great black eyes that spoke the words unsaid.

"Yes, Miss Tuke," he answered. "I have need of the friend who was Eleanor's friend. I must know all."

"All?" She shook her head mournfully. "Did poor Eleanor know all? She thought she did; therefore she died."

"She was murdered."

"Yes, by disease; she did not want you to know. It had been the terror of her life, the quick consumption that had carried off her young mother like a thief in the night.

"She told me the last time I saw her, just before I went off into writing quarters in the mountains where I remained until my story was done. I thought as I left that the shadow of death was on her face. It was there, cast by her own morbid reflections. She thought to save you; could you not read between the lines of her message?"

"But the quotation marks?" gasped Pompton.

They had passed out into the street. She was leading the way over the crossing. Perhaps the stout policeman who helped her thread the moving labyrinth of cart, cab and car noticed how the little gloved hand trembled. But it was firm and caressing when for a moment on the further side she paused to lay it lightly on Pompton's arm.

"You mean that one would not use another's words in such a supreme crisis? Of course not. You poor fellow, how the apparent discrepancy must have tortured you.

"But think for a moment. Haven't you seen her, as I often have, even in the midst of a talk, step to her desk and jot down on the pad a passing thought? Ah, my friend, we poor writers live a life within our lives, the life of the creation of our fancies. They are ever present, dumb souls demanding to be vivified.

"Eleanor was continually writing; she was continually thinking of what she would write. That sentence was her very own, but put by her in the mouth of one of her characters. Its application to her own stress fixed and held her.

"She would use it for her own case, but it must seem her own, as it was her own. Therefore, if as you say it was in quotation marks, she rubbed them out. But, oh, why did she not wait and hope, since she had such mighty reasons for waiting, for hoping? Why, a moment of joy will compensate for all the ills of life."

Pompton walked on a space in silence. He was grateful, he was soothed. This charming young woman whom he had long known and liked seemed like a better, wiser self.

How clearly she explained away his doubts and fears with a fine feminine intuition so superior to the Judge's matter of fact acceptance of the same conclusion. It was because she sympathized, she cared. Yes, it had been right for him to investigate, but now that he knew he too must accept. Poor, dear Eleanor; she might have waited and hoped. Well, at any rate he would not give up; he would persist; he would not yield to morbid impulses.

"Life is a struggle, my friend," said Miss Tuke softly. "One cannot go back to the comrade who has been carried to the rear. There are comrades by one's side to help, to be helped."

"Say rather a good, true comrade," cried Pompton. "Oh, you have helped me so greatly, you friend indeed and in need. You have taken the fierceness from my grief. Yes, to fail or to fight, that is life. Why, your own great success shames me. Tell me about your work. I have not read your novel yet, but I will, I must."

"But not yet, my friend," entreated Miss Tuke. "That would not be fair to your friend. Your mind is too distracted, too distressed. That poor book is a very part of myself. I would have you know me better through myself in order that you may know me still better through it. Promise me, wait for a year before reading it, a year during which as comrades we have learned to help and to be helped."

The little gloved hand was no longer resting lightly, caressingly on Pompton's arm. Yet he seemed to feel the thrill of intensity as he promised.

III.

One evening, a week later, Abe Cronkite came to Pompton's rooms with a package under his arm.

"I know, sir," he said in response to the stiff greeting. "I saw your letter to the Judge. I realize that since you have accepted the verdict as correct you wish to put the matter from your mind. But there is a homely old adage, sir, 'Murder will out.' The force of it sometimes drives me on and on against my will. It has driven me here."

"What, do you believe——"

"I believe as I believed, sir. What you wrote to the Judge was plausible enough, sir; most defences are for that matter. But it assumes that Miss Yalden was engaged just prior to her death on the novel which you also say she was writing. If this is so where is the manuscript?"

"Her friends think that in her general discouragement she destroyed it," answered Pompton.

"If that were the case then she couldn't have been engaged on it, don't you see, sir? While on the other hand if she was engaged on it the disappearance of the manuscript gives a motive and a clue to the murder. The guilty person may have committed the murder to get possession of the novel, which, as you say, was being prepared with the utmost secrecy, and unlawful possession and use of the novel would be evidence of guilt."

"There is an insuperable 'if' in the way," said Pompton wearily.

"On the contrary, sir, I think the trail to be followed is well defined.

"From her letters to you Miss Yalden had nearly completed this novel, which she judged to be her best work. This was more than six months ago. Arguing from her former success this book would meet with notice and approval.

"Now I have here the sheets of six novels published recently which are popularly called best sellers. I have gone over them carefully, cutting out whatever might give a hint to authorship, title and publisher. But they all have intrinsic hints, notwithstanding, that cannot be elided, the personal element woven into the very woof and substance.

"You knew Miss Yalden intimately. You knew her former works, her fixed habits of thought and expression intimately. Read these best sellers, then, carefully, critically, and see whether or not you recognize the indicia of her work. That is the obvious way to learn the truth."

"Even if I did detect a resemblance it would amount to nothing more than suspicion," objected Pompton. "Why, Miss Yalden designedly wrote this novel in a different way from the others. It was to be a test."

"That is what I make it, sir. I don't expect that the first result will be more than a suspicion, though under the circumstances a well grounded suspicion. But the truth can then be extracted from this suspected book beyond a possibility of a doubt.

"As a literary man you must remember the scientific method by which a number of years ago it was determined that 'Draxy Miller's Dowry' of the Saxe Holm series was written by Mrs. Jackson through the comparison of it with 'Ramona,' one of her acknowledged works? Why, of course you do, the principle of averages, the fixity of the personal equation, the letter curve, the word curve, and all that.

"Very well then. The thing for you to do is this. Find out from Miss Yalden's acknowledged books through letters and words set down on a system of rectangular coordinates the curve which shall present graphically her usage, her style. Then compare with it such a curve derived from the letters and words of this suspected book. And this will be the test of a test, sir."

"It will be a long, hard task."

"You said more than once, sir, that you were bound to learn the truth. Do you think that you know it now through your way? Do you think that you can't learn it through my way? Or have you changed?"

Pompton started and flushed. Then he hung his head.

"No, no," at length he cried, "I have not changed in my devotion to Eleanor, in my resolve to revenge her if need be. I was so weak and worn that perhaps I accepted too readily a theory which relieved me from sickening responsibility.

"It was so sad to look back that perhaps I was glad to look forward. But I will amend, I will atone. Go now, my man, that I may begin at once, and hold yourself in readiness to come when I send for you."

He stepped to the telephone and instructed the office boy to deny him to all callers. He took from the table several notes, all in the same bold hand, and tore them into bits, but he sighed as he did so. Then he brought out the sheets from the packages and lifted down from his shelf the set of Miss Yalden's works and set feverishly at his task.

IV

The books and sheets had all been cleared away when Abe Cronkite returned to Pompton's rooms; but on the desk lay side by side two plats of rectangular coordinates, and the curves that wound through them, as sinuous as the curves of life and death were alike.

"You have found the missing manuscript," cried the detective. "It has been published. It is one of the recent successes I left with you."

Wan and worn, Pompton bowed his head.

"I knew it at first reading," at length he said. "It wasn't suspicion; it was recognition. But yet the last chapter was so different I thought I might be mistaken. I hoped I might be mistaken.

"So I applied the test of a test. Every chapter gave out the same curve as the curve of Eleanor's acknowledged writings except the last chapter. The book was written by her, beyond the possibility of a doubt, except the last chapter."

"Let me see," mused Cronkite. "We don't want any unexplained exceptions in a case like this. Is this last chapter consistent and logical, or does it change the character and scope of the book?"

"It is in the nature of a surprise, a melodramatic surprise unworthy of the genius that had led up to an inexorable conclusion. The principal character should have died by his own hand as an expiation. He realized the necessity, he was nerving himself to accept it.

"But instead, through a piece of incredible good fortune, the situation shifts, and the book closes tamely with long life and happiness all around. Poor Eleanor, her book, like herself, was murdered. But I don't understand; it looks like mere wantonness."

"It was grim necessity, which gives added verification to our theory, sir. Don't you see? Miss Yaldon had just jotted down the first sentence of this last chapter when the crime was committed. It was so apt that with the quotation marks rubbed out it was left as a confession of suicide.

"Of course it could not then be used; it might be recognized. Safer, far safer, to avoid a connection that might suggest."

"God, what a fiend of cold calculation!" exclaimed Pompton. "I can't stand it. Tell me at once the name of this book, the name of its author. I can't breathe freely until I rid the world of him."

"Better leave that to the law, sir," returned the imperturbable detective as he took a little package from his pocket. "We must proceed decently and in order.

"Here are the exhibits in the case, the ivory handled revolver, the sheet from the pad and this list of the books I brought you, with the names of their authors arranged according to the numbers I put on the different sheet collections. Now if you give me the one you identified I will step over to that other desk and make sure."

As Cronkite seated himself at the desk by the window and bent carefully, engrossingly to his task the door softly opened and a dainty and fashionably dressed young woman stood on the threshold.

"This won't do, Louis," she said with a playful shake of her finger. "No lagging to the rear, when there is a comrade in the thick of the fight to help, to be helped. You haven't answered my notes; I couldn't get you on the telephone. So I came to see whatever is the matter."

Then her great black eyes swept comprehensively from the revolver, the plats, the leaf from the pad, to the broad back of the detective as he bent doggedly over the little desk by the window making assurance doubly sure. For an instant she hung back like one stunned. Then with all the intensity of her form and expression she sprang forward as Pompton advanced to greet her. She threw her arms about him. She pressed her white face close to his wan face.

"Come with me at once, Louis," she whispered. "I have need of you; you have need of me. We are too fond, too true for conventionalities. Come, come, you darling, whom I have always loved. Life is too short and fierce a fight to risk any chances for our happiness. Come, come."

Even as Pompton was returning her caresses, even as he was swaying with her toward the door the voice of the detective was heard:

"The title of the book, Mr. Pompton, is 'A Blinding Fire-Ball,'" said Cronkite, still busy with his papers. "The name of the author is Kate Tuke."

With a cry of horror Pompton pressed back and struck that white face. He threw the woman further into the room as if to prevent her escape.

"It was you, it was you!" he gasped.

"Yes," she said, standing with her hand on the edge of the table, "I took what Eleanor had; I still take it, for you!"

Even as she spoke she caught up the ivory handled revolver and shot herself through the heart.

ON ISSUING INVITATIONS.

How They Should Read in Order to Accord With Good Form.

The subject of invitations is one of general interest. First and foremost is the doubt as to when invitations should be issued in the names of husband and wife or when in the name of the wife only. Practically speaking, says the *Queen*, there are but few occasions when the former would be correct according to etiquette.

A dinner invitation should be issued in the names of husband and wife. Thus when writing in the third person the note should run as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. A. request the pleasure of Capt. and Mrs. B.'s company at dinner on Wednesday, the 21st, at a quarter to eight o'clock." This is a strictly formal invitation and only employed when the acquaintance is of the slightest.

The answers to invitations so worded are likewise given in the names of husband and wife in this wise: "Capt. and Mrs. B. have much pleasure in accepting Mr. and Mrs. A.'s kind invitation to dine with them on Wednesday, the 21st." The refusal should also be worded in the joint names of husband and wife, thus: "Capt. and Mrs. B. much regret that a previous engagement will prevent their having the pleasure of dining with Mr. and Mrs. A. on Wednesday, the 21st." If a previous engagement cannot be pleaded the words "unable to accept" should be substituted.

Invitations to dinner are more often issued in the first person than in the third and here again husband and wife join in them, the form being as follows, with variations according to the friendship existing between the writers and the recipients of the notes: "Dear Mrs. B.: It will give us much pleasure if you and Capt. B. will dine with us on Wednesday, the 21st, at a quarter to eight."

If on less formal terms: "Dear Mrs. B.: It would give my husband and myself much pleasure if you and Capt. B. would dine with us on Wednesday, the 21st, at a quarter to eight." The husband's name should be referred to by the wife in this manner and not as Mr. A. This is a question which perplexes many when giving invitations.

The answers to the above invitations should be as follows: "Dear Mrs. A.: My husband and myself have much pleasure in accepting your kind invitation to dine with you on Wednesday, the 21st"; or "It will give us much pleasure to dine with you," &c.; or, more friendly still, "We shall be delighted to dine with you," &c.

Refusals vary accordingly, and run in this groove: "Dear Mrs. A: My husband and I much regret that we cannot have the pleasure of dining with you on Wednesday, the 21st"; or "Dear Mr. A.: We are ever so sorry we cannot accept your kind invitation to dinner on Wednesday, the 21st, but——," and here should follow the nature of the excuse.

Dinner cards of invitations, acceptances and refusals are chiefly in use in town in ultra smart sets and in official sets, but seldom in general society and in country neighborhoods. The form is in the third person as regards the issue of the invitation, the acceptance and the refusal also, as given in the notes of invitation written in the third person with a slight variation.

Wedding invitations are issued in the names of husband and wife, and are invariably written in the third person; only under exceptional circumstances are they issued in the first person—in the case of very quiet weddings, for instance, when only the immediate relatives are invited, when the first person would be employed in the construction of the notes. The form should be as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. A. request the pleasure of Capt. and Mrs. B's company at the marriage of their daughter Frances with Mr. Edward C. at St. John's Church on Tuesday, December 17, at 2:30 o'clock, and afterward at The Elms," &c. "R S V P."

The reply to the above is also written in the third person, thus: "Capt. and Mrs. B. have much pleasure in accepting Mr. and Mrs. A's invitation to the marriage of their daughter with Mr. Edward C. on Tuesday, December 17."

When the recipients of the invitation are on very intimate terms with the giver thereof the answer is occasionally written in the first person and runs as follows: "Dear Mrs. A.—Many thanks for your kind invitation to be present at the marriage of your daughter Frances on December 17. My husband and I have much pleasure in accepting it."

In the case of refusal the note should run: "My husband and I very much regret that we are unable to accept it, &c."

It should be borne in mind that although invitations are issued in the third person either by cards or notes they may be replied to in the first person if friendship and intimacy authorize its being done. The giver of the invitations issues them probably by fifties and over, but the receiver of the same is only called upon to write one note of acceptance or refusal to the said invitation. This disposes in a measure as to how the replies should be worded.

Invitations to a garden party given by a Bishop and his wife are also issued in the third person and in the names of both husband and wife, and replied to in a like manner.

Now and then invitations to a coming of age dance of an eldest son or of an eldest daughter are issued in the names of both parents, as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. C. request the honor or pleasure of Capt. and Mrs. B.'s company at a dance to be held at the Town Hall on Wednesday, the 16th inst., to celebrate the coming of age of their eldest son, Mr. Percy C.," and then should follow the hour, &c., and as a matter of course the replies are also written in the third person, and the nature of the invitation therein referred to.

All other invitations are issued in the name of the wife only. The dance, the evening party, the afternoon at home are all given in her name, and issued in the third person on at home cards. The form is the same for each of these functions: "Mrs. A. At home," and in the corner of the cards "Dancing" is put, or "Music" in the case of an evening party, or "Bridge" if it is to be a card party or "Croquet" or "Tennis" if it is to be a garden party, or "Recitations" if an afternoon at home is given within doors.

Invitations to luncheon or to afternoon tea are written in the first person and in the name of the hostess only and are replied to in the first person also. In the case of an official luncheon or semi-official luncheon being given the invitations are issued in the names of husband and wife, but only in such an instance.

It may be here mentioned that when a function is to take place at a town hall or assembly rooms at home cards may be used and the invitations may run: "Mrs. A. At home," although it is a sort of figure of speech, but it implies that she is at home to her friends and acquaintances on the afternoon or evening in question, although she is not receiving them at her own home.

Yet another occasion should be mentioned in the list of invitations issued in the names of husband and wife, viz., that of a silver wedding, the invitations to which are issued as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. A. request the pleasure of Capt. and Mrs. B.'s company on Wednesday, the 22d inst., to celebrate their silver wedding," or "Mr. and Mrs. A. At home to celebrate their silverwedding." Then should follow the necessary particulars, day, date, hour, and the amusement to be provided.

Christmas Trees From Michigan Woods.

Sault Ste. Marie correspondence Milwaukee Sentinel.

Nearly 500,000 homes in Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin will be brightened this Yuletide by Christmas trees from the upper peninsula.

For the last two weeks woodsmen heavily clad in blanket coats and cruisers have snowshoed through the copper country drifts in search of the Christmas greens. And this year's shipments will break all previous records. In the last week more than 75,000 trees have left this city for the South, and from one little neighboring village alone thirteen cars, each containing 2,500 trees, were shipped last week.

Chippewa county for many years has held the title of "the home of Christmas trees." From this one county alone 200,000 trees will have been shipped by Christmas.